The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?

From **Friday** March 10, to **Monday** March 13, 1710.

Rosella's Day.

HOW Partial wou'd the Weekly Historians of this Age show themselves, if, while they do Justice to the Renown'd *Charles*'s, they pass over a more deserving Name, in transmitting down to future Times those Ingenious *Virtuoso's* they have shewn an honest Regard to Merit: But with what Appearance of Truth can they excuse themselves in their wilful Neglect of surprizing *Ben*, superior to both; is *Paul's* Church-yard too far from the *Savoy*, or is the *Snuff-Box* too narrow to receive the mighty Genius of Essay, in that Magnitude to which Fame and Subscription have blown him. To what can I impute the Cause, that Mysterious *Ben*, Burgamot, shou'd all this while be Lost by Injurious Silence; O! that I had a Pen equal to thy uncommon Desert, then I wou'd not waste the Idle Minutes in wishing thee thy due, but in a Style prolix as thy own, Record the Wonders of thy *Snuff*, the Chymera's of thy Mind, and Charms of thy Grimace, which bears so uncontroul'd a Power over the Spleen, that *Heraclitus*, had he seen thy Face, had dried his Tears and Laugh'd aloud; yet, Rever'd Sage, I grieve to find thy Humility so extream, as to incline thy Soul to Fear, that being a Passion utterly forbid Mankind, who being the Eldest Rational, boasts a Prerogative to Command, and ought not to betray the Cause by doubting the Event: It is Credibly reported, and Universally believ'd, that the New Door in thy Shop is made to avoid thy *Female* Antagonist, from whose Arms and Arguments thou seek'st to withdraw, and has so contriv'd this Entrance, that she cannot Approach with rash Precipitation, but thou can'st with Ease put thy self in a Posture of Defence, apt to Defeat her Outrage, e're she begins the Attack. All this is Prudent but Inglorious; What is it that you Apprehend? Where is the Inequality? Is She Loud and Positive? So Bounteous Nature form'd your Mind, or is She Soft and Insignificant, Art has polish'd you to an Example in that way: Is She in the wrong, that you have been from your Youth? Or is She touch'd in the Brain, even in that you are her Match? For never will I trust Physiognomy again, if one Thought of thine moves in the dull and beaten Road of Common Sence; no, thou art free, in every kind the most happy of Batchellors; then take Courage, trust to your Prowess, and meet the Enemy with becoming Resolution; She will submit to thy Victorious Destiny. I have consulted the Figure of thy Nativity, and find every Planet there of the same Opinion: They add, that you are without Competitor in either Sex, and that no Mortal Force or Cunning shall wrest from thee this Character; thou art, they own, the first of all Whimsicals, whether Philosophically, Mathematically or Metaphorically examined, in whose behalf the Fortunes have made this Agreement between themselves, that thy Pots shall ever be supply'd with the best *Snuff*, and none pretend to Rival you in your profound Judgment, and agreeable Choice of all Things Impertinent.

'Tis the greatest Concern to me imaginable, that in Conversation when we wou'd be Elegant, all our Similies, *&c.* are Foreign; if we wou'd speak in the Praise of Courage and Constancy, then *Portia* is remember'd, asking her Husband the important Secret, which her Wound show'd no Pain cou'd force her to betray: If we wou'd speak of Chastity, then *Lucrece* fills our Thoughts and swells our Language, and if we wou'd Dispraise, still we take the same Measures. Look over all the Examples in *Old England*, and Ransack the *Seraglio*, *Ægypt* or *Rome*, for Viess to compare with, I cannot help thinking our own Nation wou'd afford us Graces enough in Discourse, and that since most of these Names are worn Thread-bare, it wou'd be Polite and Useful to change them for others less Familiar, tho' as Eminent, if consider'd, with Justice. *Cleopatra* when she dissolv'd the Pearl, did not prevent all future Luxury: *Mazarin*, of famous and late Memory, liv'd up to that great Pattern, and by her Guilty Life and Sullen Death, may be remember'd on every Occasion in the room of the other. The *Ephesian* Matron is an Old Tale, nor can we ever want to repeat it mor, when Ladies follow Weeping to the Grave, Careless of what Fame shall report, who still has been observ'd to Whisper shrew'd Suspicions at over acted Grief, when now before our Eyes they lull their Sorrows on a new Lovers Bosom, and Marry e're the Tomb be finish'd; that is to witness the Virtues of the Deceas'd, and how he Lov'd, and how he was belov'd by his Mourning Pious Relict, who liv'd Ten Weeks a Widow, even in the Bloom of Fifty; strange Proof of Coldness, or of Self-denial. Thus is the *British* Matron, inferior to the *Ephesian* only in a few trifling Accidents.

Peace to the hollow'd Ashes of the Dead, 'tis time they Rest, when the Living out-vie their Claim to Infamy; surely the worst Dress a Bride can appear in is a Weed, and tho' she may lay aside the Habit, she cannot so easily quit that Formality she has assum'd in her Manners, to render it of a piece with her Appearance. To Sigh at Musick, and Groan inwardly; when any ask a Question relating to the Deceas'd; to shake her Head at Scandal, as if it was dislik'd, when she is ready to Swoon for want of Opportunity to express

preſs her Sentiments on ſo proper and belov'd an Occaſſon; yet ſhou'd the new Lord of all her wiſhes Die, ſhe wou'd ſuffer this and as much more over again, for the next Man wou'd lift her to a Sight of the Chair.

For my part I have had ſome Thoughts of wholly reſigning my own Sex to follow their own Inventions, as a Set of People Deaf to Council; ſo far am I from deſigning all my Labours for their Uſe, that I very much queſtion whether I ſhall form any to their Taſte hereafter. I have loſt all Patience with them; their Enormities are grown to ſuch a Magnitude, that 'twou'd be a Pennance but to read the Catalogue: There's *Fulvia*, Rich as the Heireſs of ſtarv'd Avatice, advanc'd in Years, and paſt the giddy Follies of a Girl, and yet fond of angling for Hearts; which when catch'd, ſhe has no other Buſineſs with but to amuze herſelf a little with their Pain, and then toſs them back in Scorn to their Native Element: She flings the Bait indifferently to all, and ſtrikes with Art the Wretch that Nibbles at it, holds up the Prey, and ſhows him to the Croud in wanton Triumph, and then deſpiſes what was obtain'd ſo eaſily. You obſerve *Fulvia* the force of Gold, conſult your Glaſs and you will be convinc'd, that had not your Fortune dazled the Eyes of Youth, ſo that they cou'd not ſee your Face, and mark your Temper in a ſteddy Light, not half the number had declared themſelves Fools as now remember it with Regret; they'll be more Cautious for the future I Prophecy, and receive your Advances with the ſame ſubtlety you have done their Addreſſes; then have recourſe to the ſhining Heaps, employ the Melancholy Hours in counting the prodigious Sums, and after you have tyr'd Arethmetick, know, that One Faithful Honeſt Tender Heart was more worth than all: You think not ſo at peſent, but ask for equal Wealth, and have reſerved your ſelf for the high-eſt Bidder; Infirm Old Age is then the Honorable Purchaſer, and Gouts, Catarrhs, Ill Humours and Jealouſies, will well Revenge the Youth you have diſmiſs'd with Ill-bred Scorn: Who wou'd be either of theſe for all their Treaſure? Yet they, I ſuppoſe, wou'd not conſent, tho' *Quevedo's* Meſſenger might have Orders to offer them their Choice, to be any body elſe, but each their own dear ſelves, for all the advantages of well taught Minds: *Socrates* ſays, *Were the Misfortunes of Humane kind thrown to one general Heap, and Men had leave to pick what they liked beſt, that every one wou'd return with the Burthen he brought*; and I am perſwaded it wou'd be the ſame as to our Tempers; we can never believe better of anothers than of our own, ſince when we are truly convinc'd of an Error, 'tis the eaſieſt Thing of a Thouſand to rectify it; all the Difficulty lies in believing it to be an Error in its own Nature, and not ſo accidentally only; which fond miſtake Self-Love is continually whiſpering to our Credulous Hearts.

*** *Having had an Occaſion of Converſing with the Planets this Morning, concerning ſome Family Affairs, I think it will not be amiſs to Publiſh a few Obſervrtions I made whilſt I was finding the Draggons Head and part of Fortune. Let all Cholericks forbear Party Diſcourſes at their Peril this Moon, for by the fiery Triplicity I plainly foreſaw, that Animoſities, Heart burnings and laſting Hatreds, threaten all ſuch as Inhance the Publick Ills and aggravate their Private Apprehenſions, not from the Idea of what they Fear but what they Wiſh: Let the Women ſubmit their Opinions without a Murmer to the Concluſions of the Wiſe and prevail on their Husbands and Lovers to do the ſame, and depend upon me, this will be the moſt Fortunate Year they have Remark'd ſince the laſt Peace. Let all who wou'd be thought Honeſt, Brave and Generous help make up the Breaches, Folly and Paſſion, or Inadvertence may have begun, and Health and Proſperity ſhall Crown their Worthy Labours, and force them to Acknowledge me the moſt Infallible of all Predictors.*

N. B *Read in our laſt Page* 1. *Col.* 2. *Line* 21. Hiſſes *for* Evaſions.

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